

A Different Kind of Evil

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A Different Kind of Evil by [dippity_dip_dipperson](#)

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Genre: Blood Kink, Blood and Gore, Blood and Violence, Body Horror, Child Death, Child Murder, Death, F/M, Fear, Festivals, Gore, Graphic Description, Human Pennywise, Masturbation, Murder, Murder Kink, Pennywise's human form is basically Bill Skarsgård, Reader-Insert, Shapeshifting, Violence, because good lord i'll float wherever the fuck he wants me to, but you gotta be fucked if you wanna run with the clown, it's gonna get fucked up, jumping on the bandwagon here on this one, like bad, oc is extremely fucked up, seriously, written as original character but can be read as reader-insert, you're reading this so you know

Language: English

Characters: Bill Skarsgård, Human Pennywise (IT) - Character, Original Character, Original Characters, Original Female Character(s), Pennywise (IT)

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s), Pennywise (IT)/Reader

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Summary:

Jessica moves to Derry to follow her passion; murder. From the rumors she's heard, it's the perfect place for it. But she hasn't heard everything. She doesn't question why so many people disappear from the small town, it doesn't even cross her mind. Not even how people just don't seem to care after a while. She just sees an opportunity, and she is not letting it pass by.

1. The Move

Author's Note:

I am trash for this but I don't care, if you're reading this you're obviously a demon-clown-fucker too so please, won't you join me in this descent to madness?

Derry. A town in Maine that was rumored to be permanently cast into a palpable gloom, a feeling that everyone experienced but ignored as they went about their daily lives. It was such a normal thing to the residents of the town, as were the many disappearances of adults and children alike, that it was a waste of time to dwell on any of it.

These rumors are what drew her attention there in the first place.

After hearing of how common and overlooked disappearances were in the dreary town, she knew she couldn't pass the opportunity up. So she moved, from many states away, for a chance to do as she pleased with little to no consequences. To continue to get the thrill she desired without the necessity of constantly looking over her shoulder, or having to lay low when the police were starting to catch on and get closer to discovering her. No, she wouldn't have to worry about any of that here. Here, in the quaint little town known as Derry...

She could kill all she wanted without fear or remorse.

Not that she ever felt remorse in the first place. No, she had her limits on what her conscience would and wouldn't allow her to do. No children, most importantly. She also did her best to avoid people who very obviously had children to go home to, children who would miss them dearly. She wasn't sure what drew those lines for her, be it some very faint morals she had deep down, or her subconscious making sure there was no one to avenge any deaths and seek her out. Whatever it was, she made it work. No children, no one who had children depending on them, and no one who seemed as though they would put up a fight. Though, the last one was more for her safety than anything else.

As she made the long, boring drive to her new home, her mind

wandered while she absentmindedly scanned through radio stations. She stopped when she heard a familiar, upbeat tune, and drummed her fingers along the steering wheel in time with the beat. *Geez, I hope I didn't jump into this too quickly... I didn't even check to see if they had any houses for sale.* She reached up with one hand and pulled the band out of her hair, sliding it over her wrist as the setting sun made the auburn color of her now flowing hair more pronounced. *Hopefully it won't be an issue, but, worse case scenario...* She glanced in the rearview mirror into her back seat, noting that even having brought just about all of her possessions, they all fit into the rear seat and trunk of her car with no issues. *...I can always sleep up in the front seat for a few days, until I get it sorted out.*

She let out a long sigh, tilting her head all the way to one side, then the other, reveling in the popping in her stiff joints. Just as the sun's rays were waning away, she saw it, not too far off in the distance. Derry, her new home.

Her new hunting grounds.

2. The First Kill

Summary for the Chapter:

Jessica finally gets her first kill in her new town. But... She also catches the attention of a certain clown in doing so...

It had taken an entire week, but she was finally able to get settled in her new home. And by now, she had already come to realize why the house was vacant, and so cheap too. The home itself was nice, but it was the building across the street that seemed to drive everyone away. 29 Niebolt Street. Run-down and practically falling to pieces, the building seemed to defy anyone to come near it. She would be lying if she said it didn't freak her out a little, too. But she had already thought of ways it would be advantageous to her, alongside the very low price she was able to buy her house for.

Oh yes, she would have so much fun dragging her victims there, conscious or not. See the panic in their eyes as they realized no one would be around to hear them calling for help. Watch, bask in the warmth in her core as she saw the shift from panic to outright fear, as they fully came to realize that they were about to die by her hand. The process would change from victim to victim, but it would always come to the same end. The life would fade out of them from beneath her, whether by bleeding out, a bullet to the head, a knife to the jugular, or whatever seemed the most appealing to her in the moment. Chills would shoot all over her body, all the way to the tips of her toes and fingers, as their writhing and crying under her slowed to a stand-still, the warmth of the blood contrasting the cold gaze of their glassy eyes.

In fact, she was doing it now. She looked down at the poor sap and let out a low chuckle, humming softly to herself. He had to have been around the same age as her, stumbling out of the bar and practically into her waiting arms. He was so easy, too. A wonderful ease back into her game after such a long week of settling in. His words were slurred, and his breath reeked of alcohol, but she played along, a sultry lilt to her voice as she spoke. Flirting, touching, drawing him in easily. His eyes almost never left her form, her black strapless top

hugging her curves in all the right places, stopping just above her pierced navel. Her tight, dark purple jeans low on her hips, form-fitting but flexible enough as to not hinder her movements, her pale skin peeking out from small rips in the thighs. Her shoes were just plain black and white Converse high tops, but it fit the look she was going for. Her hair parted down the middle and flowed evenly over both shoulders, the natural auburn waves bouncing about her chest as she walked.

It all came together perfectly, and he fell for it. And that was to be his downfall. She led him toward her house, keeping to the middle of the street as her false giggles and his slurred words drifted around them, falling on nonexistent ears. Just as he noticed that she lived just across from the Niebolt house, he nervously started pushing toward her house, and she let him. This would work out in her favor, she had planned for this. As she put on an act of fumbling and dropped her keys, she smirked inwardly. He reached down to grab them for her, but when he stood back up she had a soaked rag pressed to his face, and before he could react he fell unconscious to the ground.

Working quickly, she had used that same rag to tie his wrists together behind his back, habitually checking over her shoulder to make sure no one was watching. Carefully, once he was bound and gagged, she lifted him and escorted him quickly over to the abandoned house, the door opening easily for her. Once far enough inside, she dropped her victim unceremoniously onto his back on the dusty ground, turning and locking the door quickly behind her. With a quick glance at her phone, she turned the brightness down as she noted it was just approaching 1 in the morning and turned back to the task at hand. She sat herself down on his chest and pulled out her switchblade in preparation, laying it on the floor beside her leg before slapping the man across the face hard enough to wake him. Immediately, she could feel his chest rising and falling quickly as panic overtook him, his eyes frantic as she grinned and leaned down over his face, her hair creating a dark curtain so he could hardly tell where he was.

She took the blade in her hand and slowly drug it over the cloth gagging him, his cries going from muffled to very un-muffled in a matter of seconds, as the blade cut through both the cloth and his

soft, tender flesh. Her eyes fixated on the blood trickling down his face to the floor, and that familiar warmth began blooming deep inside her. He was screaming and begging, the words lost to her as she thought of what to do next. It was always the same anyway. Cries of, 'please let me go', 'I don't wanna die', so on and so forth. All that registered to her was the blood and the fear. The feeling of power that grew inside her while in this position. Allowing her tongue to glide across her top lip, she slowly pushed the tip of the sharp metal into one side of his throat, the warmth in her growing and spreading as his cries for help rose in pitch with the pain he was surely feeling. As it started pooling in her stomach and trickling lower, she slowly, methodically drug the blade across his throat, a growl emanating from deep within her as his cries began to gurgle with the blood spurting out of his throat, covering her hand in the thick, warm substance. Her eyes sparked in the darkness as a wicked grin etched itself onto her mouth, almost as though the life slowly leaving his eyes was being pulled into hers.

Her breathing was heavy now, and she began trailing her left hand down her stomach and into her pants as she gazed at her right hand. The sight of the dark, crimson liquid coating her hand and blade excited her, and soon her fingers were teasing at her own slick folds as she lowered the knife to his cheekbone, just under his glazed over, empty stare. Her breath came out in short, hot puffs, and she let out a soft whine as she pushed one finger into herself, another gently massaging the bundle of nerves just above as she simultaneously began carving into his cheek. She was slow, precise, making sure the act lasted as long as she did. She had been built up for such a long time though, that it didn't take much. She was fast approaching her climax, soft whimpers and moans escaping her lips as she dug the small heart into the man's cheek, blood leaking out of his still warm veins. Quickly, the knife clattered to the floor and she was hunched over, her moans low and husky as her orgasm took her high, high up in her mind. She felt like she was *floating*.

She soon came crashing down though, as the quiet giggle behind her alerted her that she wasn't as alone as she originally thought in the dusty, cobweb-ridden house. She whipped around quickly, head still spinning from her climax and the thrill of her first kill in a while. But... There was nothing. She stared into the darkness for a bit,

before letting out a shaky sigh and telling herself it was just the creepy old place settling, just as all houses do at night. Nervously, she chuckled, and set herself to standing up and leaving. But as she turned her head back around, she stopped dead in her tracks.

The first thing that registered in her mind was the eyes. The deep, piercing, unnaturally blue eyes. As her eyesight readjusted, she noticed the white face surrounding the eyes, complete with plump red lips that trailed off into lines going up his face and over that beautifully unnerving gaze. The logical part of her mind, the fear inside her, screamed at her to run. But her body refused. It was so much to take in at once, she had locked up. She was too scared to even take her gaze away from his, but out of her peripheral, she noticed that his outfit was... Off. It was dusty, dull white, with a large frilled collar and poofy shoulders, with three dull red pompoms down the front, frilly cuffs at the wrist... He was dressed as a clown. And even as he crouched in front of her, his arms on his knees as he kept his head level with hers, she could tell that, even without taking the bright orange hair that stood high on his head into consideration, he had to be at least 7 feet tall. She swallowed hard, her throat suddenly dry, and the blank look on his face grew to a menacing smile, two large front teeth just sticking out over a plump bottom lip. It was then that he finally spoke.

"Hmmm... It seems you already know how to float..." His voice was somehow higher pitched, but gravelly at the same time. She could've sworn she smelled burnt cotton candy and sugar as he spoke, his warm breath causing her whole body to chill. "Different... You're different from the rest..." He giggled, quickly and frantically, and she jumped as his gloved hand was suddenly on her throat and lifting her. "I think... I wanna play with you for a bit..." She was clawing at his wrist, trying to break free as fear grew inside her, and she froze once again when the creature -somehow- knew and called her by name. "Such a strange little thing you are, Jessica... So strange, so interesting..." He... IT... Took in a deep breath, and groaned, the smile never leaving his face.

"Oh yes... We're going to have so much fun together, my dear."

3. The Clown

Summary for the Chapter:

You're a monster in your own right

She tried to speak, to scream, but nothing came out. The clown's grip on her throat mixed with the fear overwhelming her made it impossible for any sounds to escape. She had no way to know it, but her fear was pulsating off of her, and the clown holding her up was soaking all of it in. The only thing she noticed, however, was the drool now slowly dripping from its bottom lip. It took another deep breath, letting it out as a deep, guttural growl. "Now now, my dear Jessica... Let's see what you fear most."

In an instant, her mind became muddled, her vision blurring, her thoughts incoherent. She felt a sensation she couldn't properly describe. But if she had to, to the best of her ability... She would say that it was almost like her mind was being explored, sifted through, exposed to the thing before her. In the blink of an eye, though, it was over. Squeezing her eyes closed, she took in a shuddering breath, failing to notice that she was drifting lower to the ground.

"Strange, strange, strange indeed..." the being seemed to chant, quietly. "You have a few simple fears... But the main one... The only one that really matters..." The hand around her throat shifted, grew smaller, and she refused to open her eyes. She refused to see what the thing was doing, wishing he would just hurry up and get whatever he was going to do to her over with.

"...it's you, my dear girl."

The voice. Its voice was different. It sounded... It sounded like any recordings she had heard of her own voice in the past. The thing was using *her* voice, taunting her. Against her better judgement, her eyes shot open, and she was instantly filled with regret for doing such a thing. She had no clue how to process the sight before her. Her mind screamed at her from different angles, confusion melding with her fear.

It was her. There was no doubt about it, this monster took on her form. But it was wrong, so wrong in her mind. It felt like she was looking into a mirror, but not. Everything was in the wrong place, reversed, and it made her sick. Her mind spun, trying to function properly. As her mind was reeling, It continued to speak in her own familiar yet foreign voice.

"You're a monster in your own right. And deep down... You are terrified, absolutely terrified of what you are! Such a shame, such a shame, your little performance was absolutely wonderful! And to think that you were holding back, that your fear of the monster inside you is what keeps you just on the brink of humanity..." The monstrous version of her drops her now, and she lands rather roughly on the dead body beneath her, still surprisingly soft. With how long she felt this had been going on, in her mind rigor mortis should have begun to set in by now. While she gasps and coughs as air rushes into her lungs, It sits directly in front of her, Its knees touching hers as It leans in toward her face, and she realizes that Its breath still smells of burnt cotton candy and sugar, a sickeningly sweet smell that keeps her from pulling away.

"You hate that you enjoy it so much. Such a naughty girl, doing nasty things on the body she just stole the life from..." The twisted reflection of her smiles, a grin so large it looks like it should split her face, needle-like teeth poking out between stretched lips. "I do wonder, though, I wonder, how this would play out if you could *feel* fear the way I do." The voice became lower, more guttural as It spoke, as Its face quite literally split open at invisible seams going up, from the corners of Its mouth past Its eyes, stretching and morphing as rows upon rows of those razor sharp teeth became visible to her.

She just stared. Her mind felt blank of everything. She had no desire to move, be it toward the thing or away from it. She could see, now, the three glowing lights drifting around in the newly formed, terrifying cavern in the thing's face. She just sat there, and stared at them. Even as the creatures voice resonated solely in her otherwise empty mind.

I want to see you embrace what you REALLY are.

4. The Festival

Summary for the Chapter:

Jessica decides to relax and enjoy the Halloween festival being held at the center of town

She woke with a start, the soft rays from the sun leaking through the opening in her curtains and falling over her still clothed form. She was completely disoriented, vaguely able to remember the events that took place the night before, but not what order they happened in. She kept herself perfectly still, splayed out comfortably on her bed as she sorted through her own mind. *First, first, what happened first...* She let her eyes flutter closed as she thought. *The drunk sap at the bar... Leading him here and knocking him out... Dragging him to the house across the street... Waking him up, slitting his throat... Watching the life bleed out from him, quite literally, pleasuring myself to the sight...* She willed the thoughts away as she sat up, not quite in the mood to fall back into the memory and the heat that came with it.

But then what? The fact that she couldn't remember anything else from then on worried her. *I... I finished... And then... Then...* She snarled in frustration and threw her pillow at the wall, standing up with fists balled at her sides. *I can't just leave it without knowing for sure.* Her decision was laced with finality, and she glanced at her full-length mirror, surprised to find herself still somewhat presentable. *Must've washed the blood off during the blackout,* she thought to herself as she made her way out of her room and down the stairs to the first floor. *I can't let myself get too comfortable, despite the carelessness of this town. I have to make sure the body is disposed of properly, I can't be slipping up now.*

Peeking her head out the front door, she glanced around, making sure no one would see her. Once she was satisfied with the lack of activity on the street, she walked briskly over to the house, and it somehow looked even darker and more foreboding than it did at night. Just as she reached the doorknob, her hand grazing the decaying metal, the door swung open with a strong gust of wind that blew in from behind her. She clearly remembered now, dumping the body just within the door before turning and locking it, and yet...

There was nothing. No body to be found, the dust on the floor undisturbed, not even a single drop of blood. It didn't feel right. Even if she had cleaned it up in her haze, there should've been *something* to indicate what had happened the night before. But she could clearly see that wasn't the case at all.

Slowly, she backed away, pulling the old door closed as she did. She continued backing away, her eyes raking over the house with every step, and she stopped when she hit the bottom step leading up to the porch. A very, very faint giggling carried on the wind behind her, and she whipped around faster than even she thought possible, only to find no one there. *Fucking hell, Jessica, pull yourself together*, she growled inwardly as she smacked herself in the forehead repeatedly. Taking a deep breath, she straightened herself up and made her way back across the street, back into her house.

She didn't even feel the piercing yellow gaze watching her from the window of the old ruined house.

4 days later

She didn't have any plans to lure any victims away today, so she picked something comfortable to wear, something suitable for the wonderfully chilly Autumn weather that had been blowing in. She still wanted to look good though, she had heard about the festival the town had in preparation for Halloween every year, and she was more excited than she'd ever admit out loud. The weather, coupled with the enticing thought of all the carnival sweets and games, made her feel like a child again. An innocence that she rarely ever got to experience anymore.

In an attempt to keep her thoughts from drifting to darker places, she put all her focus into picking an outfit for the day. She knew she wanted to wear her red and black striped leggings, so those were the first thing she grabbed, slipping them on as she looked in her closet, now standing in just her bra and leggings with her hair already pulled into a high ponytail. Thoughtfully tapping her finger against her lips, she pulled out a simple, black v-neck shirt along with a faded red flannel shirt and put them on. She then went to her drawers, grabbing her black denim shorts and a pair of no-show socks. As she bent over to step into her shorts, she stopped, her gaze

slowly drifting to her left and out the window, directly to the Niebolt house. She couldn't see anything, but she felt it. A piercing gaze directed at her, exactly from that direction. When she saw nothing, her whole body chilled, and she quickly walked over to shut the curtains completely. With a trembling sigh, she hurried to put on her shorts and socks, stepping into her shoes as she grabbed her wallet, phone, and keys off her desk before exiting her room and shutting the door behind her. She stopped then, taking a moment to lean against her door and chastise herself with a sigh.

It's nothing Jess, you're imagining things. Just get to the festival, buy all the teeth rotting sweets you can, and enjoy yourself. Gotta relax, just relax and have fun. She nodded to herself and smiled, practically flying down the stairs and out of the house, only stopping to lock the front door behind her, and made her way toward the center of town where the festival would be taking place. She knew she was growing close when she heard laughter and carnival music drifting to her ears, and the wonderful scents that came with celebrations like this. As she saw the rides and booths growing closer, she slowed her run to a brisk jog, and finally came to a stop just under the large sign that proclaimed *Happy Halloween!* stretched over the street between two lamp posts.

She saw a ticket booth and made her way over, pulling out a few dollars to get a decent amount of tickets for the rides scattered throughout the area. Thanking the man in the booth, she tucked the tickets safely into the chest pocket of her flannel shirt and started looking for all the wonderful foods whose smells were invading her nostrils so strongly. She had one specific treat in mind, one that had always been her favorite since she was a child, and she could remember coming to festivals like this with her mother. All she really wanted was a candy apple, something she hadn't enjoyed in years.

After a bit of searching, she finally found what she was looking for, her attention caught by the lone, bright red apple sitting behind a window at a nearby snack booth. Seeing no line, she bolted over there, determined to get the sweet treat, especially since it seemed like it was the last one. When she got there, she asked for the candy apple, along with a large bucket of kettle corn, because, why not? She was there to have fun and enjoy herself after all. After handing

the man her money and collecting her change, she gathered her unhealthy snacks and started making her way back to the center of town to decide what to do next. She stopped briefly though, attention caught by a man on a pedestal juggling, the clubs on fire as he tossed them in the air. He stopped, holding two in one hand and one in the other, taking the end of the singular one in his mouth, effectively snuffing out the flame. She was enraptured now, as he breathed the fire out of his mouth and sat the now plain club at his feet, and then he balanced one on his nose while repeating the process from before with the other one, breathing the flames once again into the air as he continued to balance the final club on his nose. Finally, he dipped his head, allowing the club to fall from his nose into his waiting hand. But this time, he put the flames out differently, by trailing them across his bare arm, transferring them, before snapping and making them suddenly disappear.

He finally dropped the club and bowed, causing everyone to erupt in applause, and she sat her wrapped candy apple into her bucket of kettle corn to do the same. Soon, the applause died down, and just as she was about to step away, a conversation behind her caught her attention.

"Momma, can I have a candy apple? Please?" She heard a woman laugh warmly as the voices walked past her, toward the snack booth she had just been at.

"Of course Jamie, you've been so good today, I don't see why not." Her heart contracted slightly as she refused to turn, listening to the man apologize and explain to the woman they didn't have any more at the moment. She then had to explain to her son that there weren't any more, that they would have to wait till later that night when they could make more.

"Oh... Ok momma..." The poor boy sounded so disheartened, she had to do something. So, without a second thought, she turned with a large smile on her face, now facing them with her large bucket of kettle corn held comically under her arm.

The woman looked at her first, confused at her sudden movement, and she gave her a questioning look as she just barely lifted the apple out of her kettle corn, making sure the boy didn't see. The woman's

face split into a grateful smile, and she nodded subtly. Without missing a beat, she leaned down and ruffled her hand through the young boy's hair.

"Well hey there!" she said cheerily. "Jamie, right? You wanna see a cool magic trick?" He looked to his mother for approval, and Jess took the opportunity to jostle the bucket just enough that the apple would sink down into the kettle corn. His mother nods, and so he looks up at her and does the same. Standing back up, she holds the bucket where he can see inside it.

"Just an average bucket of kettle corn, right?" He nods, and she waves her finger at him with a smile. "Wrong!" With a flourish of her hand, she reaches dramatically into the bucket, knocking some kettle corn to the ground, the silliness of the act causing the boy to giggle. Then, with a sudden "Ah-ha!" she pulls the apple out by the stick, sending more kettle corn flying as she holds it out to the young boy. He beams up at her, laughing and smiling excitedly, and she allows him to take the apple from her hand. He looks up at his mom with that bright smile, and she mouths a silent *thank you* as her son drags her away to a nearby game, something involving ducks floating around in some water. Jess just nods and waves, then, once they're out of sight, she sighs and slumps her shoulders.

"It was worth it to make that kid smile, but... Damn, I was looking forward to that apple." She sighed again and stuffed her face with a fistful of kettle corn, the sweet and salty taste making her smile again. Humming to herself, she turned and started walking, but almost immediately she made contact with something sturdy. Bouncing back a bit and clutching her bucket tight, she started frantically uttering apologies, having a hard time making eye contact with whoever it was she ran into. She was stopped by a warm, enticing chuckle as an equally warm hand was placed on her shoulder. Swallowing thickly, she looked at the hand on her shoulder, and followed the arm until she reached the body it was attached to, her gaze lingering on the stunning face before her.

"Hey, calm down, it was an accident." His plump limbs formed an inviting smile, his voice seeming to go straight through her and warm her to the core. His green-hazel eyes captivated her and she couldn't find her voice as she stared up at him, the wind sifting through his

soft brown hair.

"You're Jessica, right?"

Notes for the Chapter:

Hoo boy, this chapter ended up being longer than I originally intended, but I'm happy with it. I can only hope you enjoyed it too!

5. The Man

Summary for the Chapter:

Jessica is almost instantly won over by a man named Roman and decides to enjoy the festivities alongside him

Notes for the Chapter:

I just started watching Hemlock Grove and HOLY SHIT. Fucking ROMAN oh my god. So, instead of naming Pennywise's human form Bill I wanted to go with Roman instead because I have a problem and his name is Bill Skarsgård

Please enjoy while I cry in a hole because I can't have him ok thank you

"Uhm, e-excuse me?" She was taken aback, snapped out of her trance by the fact that the man before her already knew her name. "I don't think we've met, so how...?" His laughter could have made her melt right then and there, but she somehow hid this fact and simply looked at him, awaiting his answer.

"Small town, word travels fast." She only nodded in response and continued to look up at him, her mind stuck on the difference in height. She stood at an average 5'7", but he had to have at least 5 inches on her. Without realizing, she allowed her gaze to travel over him, noticing how tight his jeans were, and how his black short-sleeved button up was purposely left completely unbuttoned, displaying how his white wife-beater clung to him and perfectly pronounced the firm muscles of his torso.

"Ah, where are my manners." His voice once again snapped her out of her thoughts and she shook her head quickly and subtly. "I haven't even introduced myself yet!" With those words he bowed slightly, looking into her eyes as she took her hand into his. "My name is Roman," he maintained eye contact as he placed a chaste kiss to the back of her hand, "and it is such a pleasure to meet you." She felt her

cheeks heat up just a touch and she cleared her throat, smiling her best smile for him.

"It, ah, it's a pleasure to meet you as well, Roman." She decided then that she rather enjoyed the way it felt when his name passed her lips, just as she enjoyed his soft, plush lips on her skin. He flashed her that smile again and offered his arm out to her, his other arm behind his back.

"Well, Miss Jessica, I would be honored to show you around, if you'll let me." Something inside her, deep deep down, felt something off about the man before her, but that damned smile wouldn't allow her to dwell on the feeling. Her heart hammering in her chest, she smiled brightly and hooked her arm through his, leaving it there comfortably as he slipped his hands into the pockets of his jeans.

Despite the momentary flash of surprise across his face, Roman looks down at her with a genuinely happy smile, and it's infectious. She smiles as a warmth blooms in her chest, and she begins walking him, both arms wrapped around her tub of kettle corn with her right one looped through his left. They both took handfuls of the salty sweet snack and munched on it as they walked.

"Popcorn's always been my favorite," he confided in her as they stopped to watch a contortionist act. "Especially the sweet kind." She simply shrugged and popped another piece into her mouth.

"I love it, but personally, I'll take a candy apple over anything. They were always my favorite as a kid." He looks at her with his head tilted quizzically.

"Then why did you give yours to the little boy earlier?" She shrugged her shoulders again and looked around as the contortionist act ended.

"I felt bad. I mean, I had literally just bought the last one, I felt like I might as well have just taken it directly from him." She huffed and grabbed another handful of popcorn, looking around for someplace to buy a soda. "Damn, that stuff's good but it dries my mouth out, I need to get a Coke or something." He smiles and starts tugging her away from the now finished contortionist act, leading her further away from the center of the festivities. When they stop, he points out a

stand selling several different soft drinks, and she starts making her way over there when he stops her.

"Please, allow me." He envelops her hand in both of his with a smile and turns, leaving her to stand there while he went to get her a drink. Before he even got to the booth, though, a slight movement in her peripheral stole her attention. She saw a bright, shiny red balloon drifting slowly away through the crowd, and she felt eerily compelled to follow it. Dropping what was left of her popcorn, there was only one thing on her mind-

Follow that damned balloon

6. The Circus

Summary for the Chapter:

Jessica finds a circus tent and finds herself drawn to it

Distantly, she thought about how strange it was that no one even acknowledged the existence of the balloon as it floated above their heads, but that thought fell away as she noticed the balloon going faster, and... Somehow immediately going to the left? She didn't even question how that was possible, just veered left as the balloon did, and suddenly found herself out of the crowd of people. She glanced back only momentarily, before looking around ahead of her for the balloon, almost frantic. *Where the fuck did it go?*

Suddenly she saw it again, floating in place, just barely visible from the alley it was in. It had somehow managed to lead her past the edge of the festival, where there were no people at that moment, and it was now pulling her between buildings, moving slowly, making sure she followed. She did, of course, not really sure why she was doing it, but she was utterly transfixed on the balloon before her. Now she couldn't even bring herself to look ahead of her, her eyes stuck to the balloon up in the air. She faintly noticed, however, the smells invading her nostrils. Cotton candy, corn dogs, funnel cakes, popcorn... It smelled like the circus.

Finally, when the smells were at their strongest, the balloon stopped completely to instead lower itself down closer to her. Once it was within her reach, she grabbed the string and, not wanting to lose it now that she had finally gotten it, tied it to her wrist with a simple slipknot. It was then that she looked up, her ears finally registering the sound of the circus music coming from the area in front of her, and she saw a sliver of a red and yellow tent between the buildings. *Strange place for it, she thought, the actual entrance must be somewhere else and I just ended up at the side of it or something.*

That thought was almost immediately disproved when a breeze came through and made the opening flutter, making it clear that people were intended to go through this way. She simply shrugged and made

her way inside, making sure she kept the balloon close to her. What she saw once inside was mesmerizing, in an almost off-putting way.

The colors were too bright, only made more so by the twinkling rainbow lights strung about inside. It was also a smaller tent than she initially thought, only having room for one ring in the center, surrounded by stadium-like seats circling the entire perimeter of the tent, only stopping before the entrance she had just come through. Glancing around, she noticed that all the seats were filled with cheering children, all of them eating cotton candy, or popcorn, or just one of many snacks one could find at a circus. She was about to try to find a place to sit, but one of the children shouting caught her attention.

"Hey! You're the nice lady that gave me the candy apple earlier!" She whipped her head to the right and saw the little boy from earlier, Jamie, smiling and waving at her from a seat in the front row, right at the end of the seats. "You can sit with me if you want!" She smiled gratefully as he scooted to the side to make room for her and she plopped down next to him, giving him a friendly smile and ruffling his hair a bit.

"Well, what a coincidence I'd see you here!" He beamed at her and hugged her waist tight, surprising her.

"Thank you again for the apple earlier! It was really yummy!" She simply smiled and patted his head before he pulled away, still sitting close to her.

"It's no problem, kid. Hey, so what exactly are we about to see?" He pointed toward the center of the tent, to a sign hanging on the central pole holding the whole structure up. She tilted her head upon reading it.

Pennywise, the Dancing Clown!

Before she could say anything else, all the lights went out, sending the whole tent into a hush. Then, suddenly, a spotlight was trained in the center of the ring, bringing the twinkling lights back to life with it. And in that spotlight, standing damn near close to 7 feet tall, was a clown. She froze for a moment, feeling a strange wave of Deja Vu as

she examined the clown. His outfit was old, like from a different time period old, frilly and faded white, the only color being the red pom poms going down the front and the red on the shoes. His face was painted completely white, fluffy orange hair coming from his scalp contrasted by the red paint on his nose and around his lips, and the paint on his lips trailed up just past his eyes. He was smiling, his bright blue eyes twinkling in the lights, with two larger front teeth just barely poking out over his bottom lip.

Suddenly, he began speaking, and all she could focus on was his strange voice.

"Well hello, boys and girls! Wow, it would seem we have a full house tonight! How wonderful, how so very wonderful indeed!" He was moving in a comical manner that caused bells to jingle, his movements large and exaggerated, and it had all of the children giggling and clapping. She found herself joining them, almost as though she were a child again. The clown's eyes seemed to meet hers for a moment as he continued to speak.

"Now, you've all been so very good and patient, so let's get right to the show!" At that, he gave an exaggerated bow, which led into him doing a front flip and landing on one foot with his arms spread in a *ta da!* fashion. Feeding off of all the applause he was already receiving, he cartwheeled around the entire tent, the seemingly invisible bells on his costume chiming and the spotlight following him the whole time. He stopped where he began, but he was on his hands instead of his feet, his smile upside down as his gaze seemed to randomly lock on to hers, multiple times. Quickly, he let his feet fall behind him, his entire body now arched as he made his way toward Jessica and Jamie. When he was only about 2 feet away from them, he stopped and practically sprung upwards, facing away from them, before jumping and twisting around in the air to face them once again, bells jingling as he did jazz hands. She and Jamie were both clapping excitedly now, and she caught the faint smell of burnt sugar, causing her clapping to slow just a bit. Suddenly, Pennywise was speaking again.

"I'll need the help of two other people for this next act," he proclaimed as he looked the two over, the smile never leaving his face. "Would the both of you like to volunteer?"

Notes for the Chapter:

I want to apologize now for the next chapter

7. The Fear

Summary for the Chapter:

Pennywise has a little fun with Jessica

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm so fucking sorry

Jamie answered without hesitation, more than excited to be a part of the show, but Jess wasn't so willing. No, something in her stopped for but a moment, a fluttering in her stomach at the scent invading her nostrils. Somehow though, her head was nodding against her better judgement, and the hesitation was wiped away completely.

"Wonderful!" Pennywise's smile seemed to only brighten as he reached both hands out to the two of them, each of them taking one before he turned and led them to the center of the tent. Dropping their hands, he pushed them together, sides touching, and turned back to the audience.

"Let the show begin!"

With a snap of his fingers, all of the lights went out again, but the hush that followed was unnatural and chilling. Dead silence. Instinctively she reached out for Jamie, trying to grab his hand, but found nothing. It was too dark to even see her own hand in front of her face. Just as fear was trickling into the pit of her stomach, she saw a pair of eyes open in front of her, glowing a bright, fiery yellow in the darkness. The voice she heard next belonged to Pennywise, but deeper, resonating through her entire being.

"Remember, I want to see you embrace what you TRULY are, my dear Jessica."

She heard another snap, and the lights were all suddenly back on, but oh how she wished they had stayed off. She was facing the central pole now, the sign gone, and what she saw brought tears to her eyes. It was Jamie, bound to a round wooden target, and he seemed

unconscious, his eyes closed and head lolled to the side. Her head whipped around frantically, trying to find the exit, but it was gone. The seats went around the entirety of the tent now. Her breathing became shallow as her eyes raked over the children, realizing that they were all decaying, rotten bodies, silently watching her. Chills went through her entire being when she realized that every single pair of eyes was trained on her.

Including the bright yellow ones now sitting in the audience among the corpses.

She let out a panicked sob and turned back toward Jamie, making her way toward him to free him, but something stopped her hard in her tracks. She saw his eyes flutter open, his small face looking around in fear.

Fear.

She could smell it, feel it, TASTE it. Her mind blanked. It was so much. So much coming from him, lapping gently at her being like small waves. But then it shot up, he was aware now, aware of the situation he was in, and with that awareness, came panic and fear. True, pure FEAR. She couldn't stop herself. She took a long whiff, tilting her head back as she did, and with the exhale came a low, guttural groan, emanating from her core as her entire body shuddered. She was hunched over now, clutching at her stomach with her right arm. She felt something heavy and solid in her left hand.

Her blade. Her switchblade that had already spilled so much blood. Her face split into a menacing grin as she slowly looked up at Jamie, allowing him to see the bright yellow that had ignited her eyes, causing an even stronger wave of fear to explode through her. She let out another groan, trailing into a beastly growl, a sound no human being should be able to ever make. She stood tall as she made her way toward him, enjoying the way the small being squirmed against his restraints. She ignored his cries and pleas for help.

It was always the same anyway.

Quickly, her restraint torn away, she plunged the knife into his

stomach, below the belly button. The fear she felt only rose in pitch, mixing with pain, and she felt powerful. Her core began pooling with heat, and she gasped when she felt something between her legs, rubbing at her over her clothes. With a low growl, agitated that she was interrupted, she glanced down, seeing a white-gloved hand at her nether regions coming from behind her. Immediately she felt the hot breath on her neck, the voice in her ear gravelly and inviting.

"Don't worry, don't worry dear, I remember your first performance for me. I only wish to help, you're already doing so much, yes, so so much." His words were jittery as he repeated them, excitement evident in them, but she failed to catch it in her current state. She just huffed and turned back to the crying boy before her. She was set and determined to finish what she had started.

As she started slowly dragging the knife up, slicing through tender flesh, the boy's fear kept spiking through her, and with each jolt of her body Pennywise's grip on her tightened, feverishly rubbing at her most sensitive spot, having a major effect despite the cloth separating him from her flesh. She was moaning now, low and husky, almost inhuman as she watched the life bleed from the boy as his innards spilled out at her feet. Suddenly another gloved hand was at her throat, directing her face at the bloody mess before her as the first hand brought her ever closer to her climax. She lifted up the knife, staring, before bringing it to her mouth and licking the blood from the blade.

That was what did it.

The sweet coppery taste exploded in her mouth just as her body did, her thighs trembling as her knees buckled, groaning louder than before and dropping the blade to claw desperately at the hand around her throat. Her orgasm ripped through her, and as she was riding the aftershocks, the hand on her throat was gone, gesturing toward the now dead body before her. "Well would you look at that," Pennywise mused, his voice taking on a more husky tone than before. "He had a present for you, dear!" She looked where he was gesturing, and everything came crashing down all at once.

Shining in his stomach was a bright red candy apple.

All at once she ripped out of the grasp of the clown, his maniacal laughter reverberating around her as she expelled the contents of her stomach, continuing to dry heave when there was nothing left to come out.

"What did you do to me?? What the FUCK did you DO???!" She was trembling and sobbing, backing away from the giant clown clumsily. He didn't answer, he just rolled about on the ground laughing. She took this chance to turn away, frantically searching for a way out. He was there though, blocking the only exit, just smiling down at her.

"I didn't do anything, Jessica. I just allowed the monster inside you to come out to play." He leaned down now, his nose touching hers and the smell of burnt sugar yet again invading her senses, before allowing a long, black tongue to slither out and trail over her cheek. It left a slimy trail behind, and he let out a soft growl as her fear washed over him, tinged with arousal left over from what had just happened to her. "You should probably run along now though, before your new little *boyfriend* comes looking for you." The word boyfriend was dripping with sarcasm as it left his mouth, and he stepped aside, a malicious smile painted on his face. As if suddenly unfrozen, she was gone, hitting the ground hard once she was out of the tent.

She was panting and trembling, tears streaming down her face as the reality of what she had just done hit her hard in the gut. She glanced around, expecting to see the same dingy alley as before, but no. She was in the same spot Roman had left her in, kettle corn scattered on the ground around her, the blood that was all over her mysteriously gone. The only thing that she heard was the voice from before, the woman who was Jamie's mother.

She was anxiously calling out his name, trying to find him.